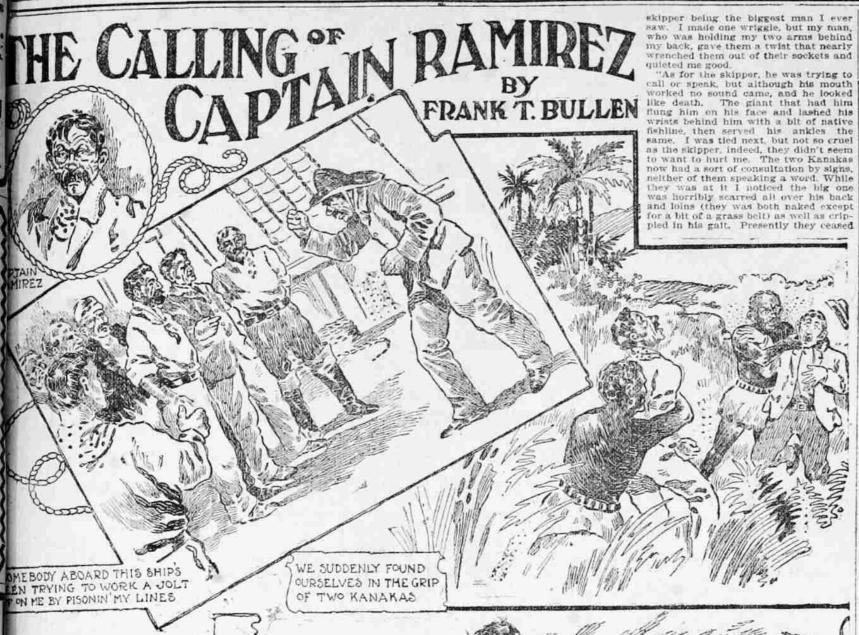
Che Salt Lake Tribune

SALT LAKE CITY, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1904.



right by McClure, Phillips & Co. HEN two whalcahips meet during a cruise, if there are no signs of whules near, an exchange of visits always takes

The two captains foregather on one ship, the two chief mates on the other. While the officers are enjoying themselves, it is usual he boats' crews to go forward and away the time as best they can teltors being always welcome actice is called "gamming," and of some of the queerest yarns ole, as these sea-wanderers ranselr memories for tales where to make the time pass pleasantly. the occasion of which I am writr ship had met the Coral of Mar-Vineyard, off Nieuwe, and gamhad set in immediately. One of up among whom I sat was little nutive of Guam, in the islands, the picture of good huot as ugly as a joss. Being called for a song, he laughingly excused f on the ground that his songs re calculated to give a white man lywobbles, but if we didn't mind he ald spin a "cuner" (yarn) instead, reled unanimously—and we lit fresh is we composed ourselve Calling of Captain Ramirez. duce the story in a slightly more lligible form than I heard it, the ture of Spanish, Kanaka, etc., begibberish not to be understood by but those who have lived among

polygiot crowd in a whaler, About fifteen years ago now, as near tan reckon (for we don't keep much oust of time except we're on monthage) I was cruising the Kingsmills old Salem, Captain Ramirez. he old Salem, Captain Ramirez, y told me her name meant 'Pence,' that may be so, but if so, all I can is het never was a ship worse ned. Why, there wasn't ever any ce aboard of aer. Oulet there was, on the old mag was believe, for nothe abourd of ser. Sulet there was, on the old man was beloep, for noby wanted him a waker led; but peace tell. I tell ye, boyd, she was jest hell hat. I've been fishing now a great no years in Yanker spouters, and see some blood borts among sem, hever was I so uplucky as when I is set foot abourd the Salem. Skipper a Portusee from Flores, come over the States as a nipper and brung in Rhode Island. Don't know and I care how he got to be a skipper. I guess Jemmy Suppression was his

guess Jemmy Squarefoot was his polmaster, for some of his tricks lidn't, couldn't have been thought of t going to make ye all miserable by you how he hazed us, but you your imagination loose if you to, and then you won't overhaul

of his daily amusements. ell. I had been with him about o when, as I said at first, we was sing the Kingsmills, never going close in, because at that time the es were very savage, always fight-with each other, but very glad of hance to go for a ship and kill and Il bands. Then again, we had Kanakas on board and the skipmew if they got half a chance would be overboard and off to the

chales were very plentiful, in they had been so all the cruise, was another proof to all of us skipper was in co. with, for in every ship we gammed the crowd and all boats got fast. But no was a strain put on the lines hey all parted like as if they were Nobody there ever seen or heard he thing before. It fairly scared for we thought. for we thought it was witchcraft, em said the skipper's time and his boss was rounding on Well, we bent on again, sec as the whales were all running got fast again. we was about the worst gallied man you ever see. We was that d see with his glasses every-it was going on. Every one of could see with his giasses
that was going on. Every one of
new just about how he was bearin
ut what could we do? Well, boys,
din't have much time to serillito for before you could say 'knife'
ha comes investor howling mad.

the did look like his old father Satan on the rampage. He was in the bow of his he might drop dead, but none of us be ran up again. These works are the first whale willing as yet to face contains. a little, but never in all my fishing did ever I see anything like he showed us I thought he'd a sploded all into little pieces. He snatoned off his hat and tore it into ribbons with his teeth; the rattle of Portuger blasphemion was like our old mineing-machine going full kelter, and the foam flew from between his teeth like scapsuds.

"Suddeny he cooled down, all in a minute like, and said, very quiet. "All aboard" We were all pretty well pre-pared for the worst by this time, but I looked a sight more dangerous. However, we obeyed orders smart, as usual, but he was aboard first. My! how that boa of his just flew. 'Twas like a race

"We were no sooner on board than we holsted boats and made them fast. Then the skipper yelled, 'All hands lay aft.'' Aft we come prompt, and ranged ourselves across the quarter-deck in front of where he was prowling back and forth like a breeding tigress. As soon as we were all aft he stopped, facing us, and spoke. Somebody aboard this ship's been trying to work a jolt off on me by p'lsonin' my lines. Now I want me by p'lsonin' my lines. Now I want that man so's I can kill him, slow; 'n heartbroken at their bad luck.

that man so's I can kill him, slow: 'n
that man so's I can kill him, slow: 'n
that man so's I can kill him, slow: 'n
that man so's I can kill him, slow: 'n
I'm goin' to have him too. 'thout walting too long. Now I think this ship's
been too easy a herith for all of you,
besize whales. We salled in full
but from this out until I have my rights
and all books sot fast. But no
on the man I want she's going to be a on the man I want she's going to be a patent hell. Make up yer minds quick, fer I tell you no ship's crew ever suf-fered what you're going to suffer till I get that man under my hands. Now

When we got forrard we found the fo'c's le scuttle screwed up so's we couldn't get below. There was no shelter on deck from the blazing sun, the 5. not trying to get away, and sof fast again. Twas no good at parted just the same as before. to bear it. One man went aft to the security was a drink of water and scuttle butt for a drink of water and found the spigot gone. The skipper saw ship that we knew the old him and says to him. 'You'll find plen-the with his glasses every-was going on. Every one of you know the sort of liquor that's full Some of us flung ourselves down on deck, being dog tired as well as hungry and thirsty, but he was forrard in a before you could say 'knife,' minute with both his shooting from denly found ourselves in the grip of two denly found ourselves in the grip of two denly for a while, during which I felt the wa-

boat and he let drive at the first whale he ran up again. Down went the fish and pop went the line, same as before.

Well, I've scen folks get mad more'n at last, and we were able to get a little will be a little, but never in all my fishing did. fleers, though willing enough to keep in with him at our expense bad enough to drive us all night unless he was around to see it done. Along about eight bells came the steward with a biscuit apiece for us and a bucket of water-about half a pint each. We were so starved and thirsty that the bite and sup was a godsend. What made things worse for us was the suspicion we had one of the other. As I said, we was, as usual, a mixed crowd and ready to sell one another for a trifle. He knew that, curse him, and reckoned with con-did when he was ramping around—he siderable certainty on getting hold of siderable certainty on getting hold of the victim he wanted. Well, the night passed somehow, and when morning came he was around again making us work, scouring tran-work bright, holy-stoning decks, scrubbing overside, as if our very lives depended on the jobs being done full pelt.

"We was drawing in pretty close to a small group of islands, closer than we had been yet in those waters, and we all wondered what was in the wind. Buddenly he gave orders to back the mainyard and have the dinghy lowered. She was a tiny tub of a craft, such as I carried in a whaler before, only about big enough for three. A lit-tle Scotchman and myself was ordered into her, then to our amazement the old for the opening through the reef sur-rounding the biggest island of the rounding the biggest island of the group. It was fairly well wooded with ocoanut trees and low bushes, while unlike any of the other islets, there were several big rocks showing up through the vegetation in the middle of it. weren't long getting to the beach, where we jumped out and ran her up a piece so's we could step out dry. We waited for a minute or two while he sat thinking, and looking straight ahead of him and solding straight ahead of him at nothing. Presently he jumped out and said to me. 'Come,' and to Sandy, 'Stay here.' Off he went up the beach and straight into the little wood, just as if somebody was calling him and he yards into the bush when we came to a little dip in the ground, a sort of valley. Just as we got to the bottom, we sud-denly found ourselves in the grip of two

their dumb motions and came over to The big one opened his mouth and pointed to where his tongue had been, also to his right eye-socket, which was Then he touched the big white empty. scars on his body, and finally pointed to have explained his meaning better than I understood it then. But what was coming? I declare I didn't feel glad a bit at the thought that Capt. Ramirez

LIFTING THE SKIPPER INTO AN

URRIGHT POSITION THE GIANT

DROPPED HIM, FEET FIRST, BETWE

THE GAPING SHELLS OF THE BIG CLA

vas going to get his deserts at last.
"Suddenly the giant histed the skipper on his shoulders as if he had been a baby, and strode off across the valley toward the massive heap of rocks, followed by his comrade and myself. We turned sharply round a sort of gate composed of three or four huge cora blocks balanced upon each other, and entered a grotte or cave with a descending floor. Over the pieces of rock ith which the ground was strewed we stumbled onward in the dim light until we entered water and splashed on through it for some distance. Then, our eyes being by this time used to the darkness, the general features of the place could be made out.

Communication with the sea was evident, for the signs of the high-water mark could be seen on the walls of the cave just above our heads. For a min-ute or so we remained perfectly still in the midst of that dead silence, so deep that I fancied I could hear the shell fish crawling on the bottom. Then I was brought a few paces nearer the Captain, hung upon the great Kanaka's shoulder. Taking my eyes from his deathlike face, I cast them down, and there, almost at my feet, was one of those enormous clams such as you see the shells of thrown up on all beaches big as a child's bath. I had the horrible truth dawned on me of what was going to happen than it took place. Lifting the skipper into an upright position, the glant dropped him, feet first, between the gaping shells of the big clam, which, the moment it felt the touch, shut them with a smash that must have broken the skipper's legs. An awful wail burst from him, the first sound he had yet made. I have said he was brave, and he was, too, although such a cruel villain, but now he broke down and begged hard for life. It may have been that the Kanakas were deaf as well as dumb; at any rate, for all sign of hearing they showed they were. bad to go. Apparently there wasn't a sign of hearing they showed they were living soul on the whole island except the appealed to me, but I was as help-just us three. We had only got a few less as he, and my turn was apparently less as he, and my turn was apparently now to come. But evidently the Kanakas were only carrying out what

ter rising around my knees, they turned their backs on him and led me away. I was glad to go, for his shrisks and prayers were awful to hear, and I

couldn't do anything.
"They led me to where they had first caught us, made me fast to a tree and left me. Overcome with fatigue and hunger. I must have fainted, for when I come to I found myself loose, lying on the sand, and two or three of my shipmates attended to me. As soon as I was able to speak they asked me what was able to speak they asked me what had become of the skipper. Then it all rushed back on me at once, and I told them the dreadful story. They heard me in utter silence, the mate saying at last. 'Wall, canny, it's a good job fer yew the Kannakers made ye fast, or yew'd have had a job ter clear yersef of murder. And so I thought now. How-ever, as soon as I was a bit rested and had something to eat, I led them to the cave, keeping a bright lookout mean-while for a possible attack by the Ka-nakas None appeared, though, and the tide having fallen again we had no difficulty in finding the skipper. All difficulty in finding the skipper. All that was left of him, that is, for the ea scavengers had been busy with him, so that he was a sight to remember with a crawling at your stomach till your dying day. He was still fast in the grip of the clam, so it was decided to leave him there and get on board igain at once.

"We did so unmolested, getting sail on the ship as soon as we reached her, to as to lose sight of that infernal spot. But it's no use denying the fact that we all felt glad the skipper was dead; some rejoiced at the manner of his death, al-though none could understand who called him ashore or why he obeyed. Those who had whispered the theory of the finish of his contract with Jemmy Squarefoot chuckled at their prescience as fully justified by the sequel, declar-ing that the big Kanaka whom I had seen was none other than Satan himself come for his bargain.

"Matters went on now in quite a dif-ferent fashion. The relief was so great that we hardly knew ourselves for the

same men, and it affected all hands alike, fore and aft. The secret of the breaking line was discovered when Mr. Peck, the mate, took the skipper's berth over. In a locker beneath the bunk he found the pieces of a big bottle, what they call a 'carboy,' I think, and in hunting up the why of this a leakage through the deck was found into the storeroom where the cordage was kept. Only two other colls were affected by the stuff that had run down and of course they were useless, but the rest of the stock was all right. Now, I don't know what it is nor how it came there, nor any more about it, and if you ain' tired of listening I'm mighty tired of talking. Pass that 'switchel's this

vay."
*A drink of molasses, vinegar and wa-

Massage Heart to Life.

Massaging back to life a human heart that has ceased to beat is the marvelous operation three times successfully performed by modern surgery. A Phila-delphia physician, Dr. W. A. Keen, is authority for the statement that two of the people thus brought back from the gates of death are now alive and

If this operation is finally established as a successful feature of surgery, both laymen and scientists look forward to the following important results:

 A material lessening of the number
of deaths which occur while the patient under the influence of ether of chlore

2 The possibility of a remedy and a cure for that dreaded and mysterious allment known to science as catalepsy A removal of the awful dread of

being buried alive. Dr. Keen does not stand sponsor for all these claims. But he does assert that life apparently extinct has been renewed by continuing the heart's closed pulsation through massage. In a case recently reported the patient was to all intents and purposes dead. The heart had ceased to beat, breathing had stopped, and the collapse from chloro-form was apparently complete. Death had been apparent of the physicians and nurses for five minutes before an operation was undertaken. Then the sur geon in charge deliberately cut open the diaphragm, reached for the heart, and employed the massage treatment. At the end of five minutes, after repealed chafing, the heart resumed its beating, and respiration was restored by artifi-cial means. In two other recorded cases the patients were brought back to life. and the operations were entirely suc-

It is related that some of the great surgeons of Europe who have been working upon this theory have spent many years in experimenting on di In quite a number of their cases the hearts of dogs that have been frozen for fifty hours after the supposed death have had their pulsation

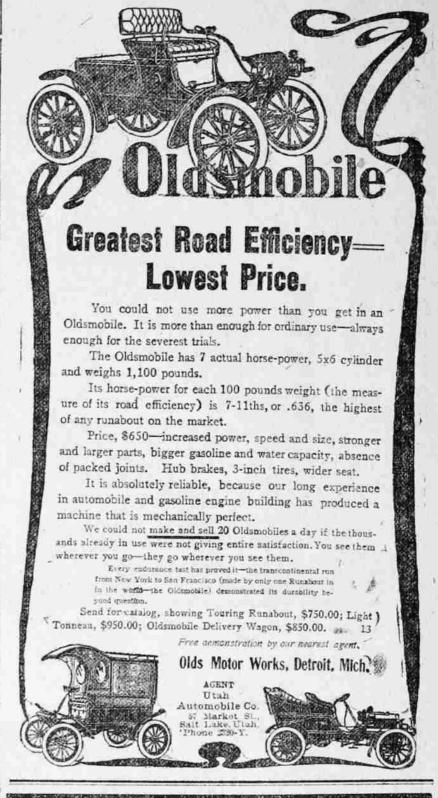
Physicians shake their heads over the possibility of the new treatment being

applied to restore those attacked by catsiepsy. But if it could be employed in this way it would remove one of the awful terrors of that disease, the fear of being buried alive. So great is this terror that men have asked that a knife be plunged through their heart to make death absolutely certain.-Chicago Trib-

Language of the Umbrella.

There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers, writes a witty newspaper man. will indicate that it will change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the

drippings, it indicates marriage. swing your umbrella over your head signifies, "I am making a nuisance of myyour arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. Opening an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umfrighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbreila by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbreila means "I am not smart, but honest." To lend an umbreila indicates "I am a fool." To return an umbreila means—well. never mind what it means; nobody ever does that. To carry an umbreila just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies "I am a woman." To press an umbreila on your friends, saying, "Oh, do take it; I had much rather you would than not," signifies lying. To carry it from home in the morning means "The rain will clear off."



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Please send for a list of questions to Dr. C. W. Higgins, Sait Lake City, Utah.